

The History of

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy sword
Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turk
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not
my sword, but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him.

Exit.

Fal. Wel, If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my
way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as sir Walter
hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes
vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I prethee triarry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. *(tent)*

King. I will do so, my L. of Westmerland leade him to his

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue,

The

Henry t

The Prince of Wales from such
Where staine Nobility lies
And rebels armes triumph in
Iohn. We breath too long, con

Our duty this way lies, For G

Prin. By God, thou hast dece
I did not thinke thee Lord of f
Before I loude thee as a broth
But now I do respect thee as

King. I saw him hold Lord
With lustier maintenance ther
Off such an vngrowne warrio

Prin. O, this boy lends met

Doug. Another king, they g
I am the Douglas farall to all
That weare those colours on
That counterfeist the person

King. The king himself, who
So many of his shadowes thou
And not the very king: I haue
Seeke Percy and thy selfe abo
But seeing thou fallst on me so
I will assay thee, and defend

Doug. I feare thou art anoth
And yet in faith thou bearest
But mine I am sure thou art, v
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in d

Prin. Hold vp thy head vil
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, B
It is the Prince of V Wales, tha
V Who neuer promisseth, but

They fight, Don

Cheerely my Lord, how fares
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath fo
And so hath Clifton, ile to C

King. Stay, and breath a wh